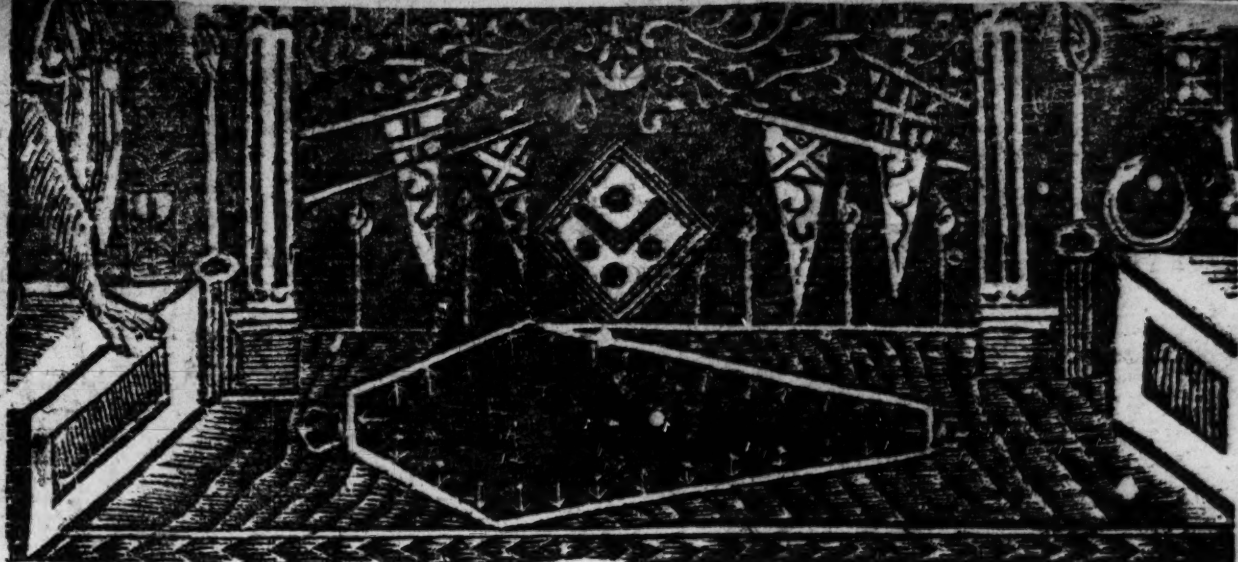




AN ELEGY

*K. Moore (J)
Baron Tullamore*

On the much Lamented Death of the Rt. Hon. ———— **LD. VISC.
TULLEMOORE**, who departed this Life the 8th of this Inst.
September, 1723. at his Country Seat.



RETIRE ye Graces, quit the flowery Plain;
Cast off your Glories and with me Complain;
With us the Pride of Floods the mighty **BOYN**,
Risen with unusual Tears will Weeping joy;
With all the dolefull Ecchoes and the Cryes
With which lost **TULLAMORE** implores th Sky's
Knew we as did fore-boding Heaven by Rain,
Our coming Loss we Earlier might complain;
But Oh! the Swift wing'd blow, so sudden came
We heard no Thunder, till we felt the Flame,

Know you the Loss, or whom you must Deplore
A Patriot and poor Ireland's Friend's no more
Great **MOORE** is Dead, and left your Widdow'd shore.
Post with the doleful News, post quick and tell
The best of Peers, your Country's honour sell,
That all that Grace and Goodness cou'd Compleat;
Is blasted in great **TULLEMOORE'S** dread Fate,
LEINSTER diffuse and spread the mighty woe
Communicate the Loss to all you know,
In mournful Accents, tell the best of **PEERS**
The best of Men Engrosses now your Tears
Your poor may Raise the Cry! the Loss too sure
Who never sent them Empty from his Door,
Is gone e'er lost to them the Great Good Moore,
In Camps and Councils equally alike
Serene he co'd advise or teach to Strike,
When Faction rais'd and bold dispensation wou'd,
Have fill'd our Channels with a Tide of Blood;
In worst of Times, the timing Patriot more,
Oppos'd the Torrent threatening big with Gore;
Such Resolution, firmness alone
Co'd shew who wish'd well to the Church and Throne,
Such Publick Acts as quell'd Dissention Lou'd
Silenc'd the Murmurs of the Jarring Crow'd
Distinguish'd mighty **GEORGES** Friends deserv'd,
The after Honours were for him Reserv'd,
Thoughtful and well remembring with his Care,
Our Monarch call'd and plac'd him near his Chair,
Where thro' the various turns and sets of State,
He Liv'd for publick Good and Dy'd as Great,
Deplor'd by all by Tenants Rich and Poor,
Who lost their common Father in great **MOORE**:

EPI TAPH.

HERE Lies, and dear surviving Memory;
of worth Departed, if you've any Tears
Regard bemoan his Fate and Destiny,
Fill your Eyes with Floods, with doleful sounds your Ears
Fled from Sin's Theatre, above you've now no more,
What neither you or it deserv'd, Great **TULLAMORE**.